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THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

by Edward Young

SATIRE VI.

On *WOMEN.*

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady *ELIZABETH GERMAIN.*

Interdum tamen & tollit Comœdia vocem. Hor.

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THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE VI.

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Sought a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"*Germain!*—
I know her not—"Your reaſon's ſome-
what odd;
" Who knows his patron, now? reply'd the God.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then ſteal great names to ſheild them from the Town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
" To covert flys, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid;
" Should *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a Volume *in her praiſe*.
" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."

Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, *here*, in miniature your pictures ſee;
Nor hope from *Zincks* more juſtice, than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride;
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chuſe my *cheaper* lay,
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To *Church* as conſtant, as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays Heav'n its due;
And makes a civil *viſit* to her Pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curtſies to curtſies, then, with grace ſucceed,
Not one the Fair omits, but at the *creed*.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Thro' dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.

But

But *ſweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker,—— and *mankind*:
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed.
But chaſt as ice, this *Veſta* to defie
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny,
When from her ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs, you *juſt* would *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
Mark well the rowlings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a Lyon by the beard,*
" Or dare defie the fell *Hyrcanian* Pard,

* *Shakeſpear.*

" Or

" Or arm'd Rhynoceros, as rough *Ruſſian* Bear;
Firſt *make your will*; and then *converſe* with Her.
This Lady glories in profuſe expence,
And thinks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant is *ſome* delight,
To be more fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*.
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honeſt execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,
And ſtartle at a Miſtreſs of my brain.

Flavia is conſtant to her old Gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell, no Lady ſo polite can bear.
She's faithful, ſhe's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
Nor leaſt advantage has the Fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amaſia hates a Prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe *is*, ſhe'll not *appear* a ſaint;
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality,
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not over-good——
Nor wou'd they be miſtaken, if they ſhou'd.

Unmarry'd *Abra* puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion's thread-bare with her conſtant prayers.
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
" *Who wou'd not think that* Abra *was a maid?*

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be raviſht at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing, now, is wanting—but her ſpark.

Lucia thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an Ideot; but ſhe eats in plate.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs;
The rude *material*; *Wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom the ſole *artificer* of bliſs.
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content*, can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred skill)
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better ſtill.

If *Tullia* had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With underſtanding is ſhe quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone.
With skill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be,
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*;

Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,
Pretends, the Fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's *proud* of ſecret innocence,
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
Mira endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign but on her husband's peace;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" *How charming this?*—— The pleaſure laſted long:
Now every day the fits come thick, and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,
And was diverted, when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more?
She trys her thouſand arts, but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed:*
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious

Anxious *Melania* riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her Lover pays his due;
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her Majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoyl'd hinges, querilouſly ſhrill.
" You went laſt night with *Celia* to the ball."
You prove it falſe. " Not go? that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her Lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen,
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin.
For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himſelf.

And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair,
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would *Melania* be ſurpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the caſe is clear.

* *

What's

What's female beauty, but an air divine
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *reſiſt*, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aſpaſia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.
" Folks are ſo aukward! things ſo unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes,
Each *creature's imperfections*, are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings----that ſhe can't be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou *ſhining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing!

Old age *will* come, diſeaſe *may* come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore.*
Thy fortune, and thy charms may ſoon decay;
But grant theſe fugitives prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks:
Then, *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine,
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager, ſhe's born for rule,
And knows her *wiſer* husband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the ſubtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *Tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies ſupream among amuſements reign,
By nature born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*;
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies,
Why will they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*?

Syrena is for ever in extreams,
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames.
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wiſe in actions great, and rare;
But ſcorns on trifles to beſtow her care.
Thus every hour *Brunetta* is to blame,
Becauſe the occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfaſt with *Alicea*, there you'll ſee
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree.

Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſht her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen *Beſſe*'s maidens might be miſt,
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For ----- the firſt wit ſhe cannot be,
Nor cruel ----- the firſt toaſt for thee;
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *Trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A female ſloven is an odious ſight.

Fair *Iſabella* is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear-ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft ſhe'll ſay,
" Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"

When

When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing*, than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown,
Our *own* as ſure blows the pageant down;
Take up no more, than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is Worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt*? the virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rival's rais'd by ſuch diſcreet applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?

So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold that crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.

But *Clio* thus. " What, railing without end?
" Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind inſtructor, and example too.
" *Daphnis*, ſays *Clio*, has a charming eye:
" What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry?
" *Aſpaſia*'s ſhape indeed—— but then her air ——
" The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
" *Almeria*'s wit has ſomething that's divine;
" And wit's enough——how few in all things ſhine?
" *Selina* ſerves her friends, relieves the poor——
" Who was it ſaid *Selina*'s near threeſcore?
" At *Lucia*'s match I from my ſoul rejoyce,
" The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great——
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.

" In

" In *Sherley*'s form might cherubims appear,
" But then----she has a freckle on her ear."
Without a *but*, *Hortenſia* ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to paſs?---ſhe dy'd laſt night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail;
Indeed *that*'s needleſs, if ſuch praiſe prevail;
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On others fame, thro' fondneſs for our own.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs
The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriеſt *Cit*,
And quite as much deteſted, as a *Wit*.

Can gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom* from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with Kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could both our *Indies* buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a lye!
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.

To

To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to help them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of publick happineſs,
Thro' ſecret ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my task, and *theſe* deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, *G---n*:
But our *invectives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.

What picture's yonder looſen'd from its frame?
Or is't *Aſturia*? that affected dame

The brighteſt forms, thro' *affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made;
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe arts that take you from our eyes;
In *Albucinda*'s native grace is ſeen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you muſt pleaſe.

Here, might I ſing of *Memmia*'s mincing mein,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger, and a thumb, conſpire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream?
As *Lethe*, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen?
What ſhades of mighty names which once have been?
A *Hecatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.

H— P— B— aſperſt by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal's the ſweetner of a female feaſt.

But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded Tea!
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give *Citronia*'s noſe the lye? *Virg.*

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;
At length to reſcue man, the *generous* laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the *Britiſh* queen renown'd,
Who ſuckt the poyſon from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal!* for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our iſle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile*?
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd,
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd,
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er law, and goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look moſt meek?
What thunders burſting from a dimpled cheek?
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret ---- but his wife.
What ſwarms of amorous *grandmothers* I ſee?
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity?
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming?
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence,

Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times,
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe,
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws,
Such diſſolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dreſt *Belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of hell;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſten leſs to *T-----ll*, than St. *Paul*.
Atheiſts have been but rare, ſince nature's birth;
'Till now, ſhe-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things,
Who ſtart at feathers, from an inſect fly,
A match for nothing------but the Deity.

But not to wrong the fair, the muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not *fame* alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
" From thinking free, to be free agents too.

They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude?*
And die with ſhame, at thought of being *good?*
For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They Heav'n defie, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave,
Thro' cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my muſe, in honeſt fury riſe,
They dread a Satire, who defie the skies.

Atheiſts are few; moſt nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From Atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is almighty ----- to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady's* ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a ſip of tranſient joy?

No,

No, he's for-ever in a ſmiling mood,
He's like themſelves; or how cou'd he be good?
And they blaſpheme who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe----
Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depoſe
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up in his ſtead
A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred.*

" Dear *T---l---n!* be ſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen.*
" Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor *Satan!* doubtleſs he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their one in ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untyth'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow,*
" Did ever mortal write like *Rochefoucault?*
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *viſible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe *charms*, the more ſhe *ſhocks* mankind.

But charms decline; the Fair long Vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd ſleep.
" Poor *K----p!* cries *Livia*; I have not been there
" Thoſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
" I hate a crowd----- but to do good, you know-----
" And people of condition ſhou'd beſtow.
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to *K---p*'s grave matrons run,
Now *ſet* a daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race----- thro' *charity*.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
I leſs ſhou'd blame this criminal delight;
But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,

* *Shakeſpear.*

Methinks

Methinks we need not our *ſhort* beings ſhun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worſt of ills,
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills,
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And what is ſtill more dreadful——ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The *ſcandal*, and the *ruin* of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board ſhe knocks.
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From *Æolus*'s cave impetuous broke;
From this ſmall cavern a mixt tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean, the Fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her *ſoft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go rounds:
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill,
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *Spadil*:
And if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich *Atrides'* ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his antient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?

Why

Why the whole houſe [illegible] ſudden ruin laid!
O noth[illegible]y lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?
Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd;
'Twas, firſt, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.
Nor ceaſe we there, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid in honour of our times,
That none, now, ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.

If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide,
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe, to ſooth your pride;
Ye fair apoſtates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing *raviſh* but a *golden ſhow'r*?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe*?
When you're enamour'd of a *lift*, or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſt*?
To *pictur'd cards* how vile brocade, and lace?
And what's *the colonel* to the *winning ace*?
Can *fame* like a *repic*, the ſoul entrance?
And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance*?

Spadil

[redacted]

Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd —— *from play.*
Why pine the *marry'd?* O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd —— *eſtate.*
Flavia, at lovers falſe *untouch'd,* and *hard,*
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card:
Nor *Arria*'s bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.
While *death* ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake,* in juſtice, long *his own,*
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with *new* delights inſpire the fair;
Or give us *ſons,* and ſave us from deſpair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradeſmen* cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe:*
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In ſpight of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right,* confirms us in the *wrong.*

I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
That burſts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example, law.
'Midſt empire's charms, how *Carolina*'s heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or generous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, *induſtrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd luſtre drew.

* Thus the majeſtick mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

* *Milton.*

* *In* more than civil war, *while patriots ſtorm;*
While Genius *is but cold, their* paſſion *warm;*
While publick good *aloft, in pomp, they weild,*
And private intereſt *skulks behind the ſheild;*
While Miſt, *and* Wilkins *riſe in* weekly *might,*
Make preſſes *groan, lead* ſenators *to fight,*
Exalt our coffee *with lampoons, and treat*
The pamper'd mob with miniſters of ſtate;
" † *While* Atè *hot from hell makes heroes ſhrink,*
" *Crys havock, and lets looſe the dogs of* ink;
Nor rank, *nor* ſex *eſcapes the general frown,*
But ladies are ript up, and cits knockt down;
Tremendous phraſe! where even the victor *bleeds,*
And he deſerves our pity, *that* ſucceeds;
Immortal Juvenal! *and thou of* France!
In your fam'd field my Satire *dares advance;*
But cuts herſelf a track, to you unknown,
Nor crops your *lawrels, but wou'd raiſe* her own;
A bold *adventure! but a* ſafe *one too!*
For, though ſurpaſt, I am ſurpaſt by You.

* *Lucan.* † *Shakeſpear.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 4. line 1. for *as rough* read *or rough.* p. 16. l. ult. for *own.* read *own,* p. 17. l. ult. for *dame* read *dame?* p. 24. l. 10. for *Thoſe* read *Theſe.*